Volume LXXII CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 5, 1914 Number 23

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE TESTING

When in the dim beginning of the years,
God mixed in man the rapture and the tears
And scattered through his brain the starry stuff,
He said, "Behold! Yet this is not enough,
For I must test his spirit to make sure
That he can dare the vision and endure.

"I will withdraw my face,
Veil me in shadow for a certain space,
And leave behind only a broken clue,
A crevice where the glory glimmers through,
Some whisper from the sky,
Some footprint in the road to track me by.

"I will leave man to make the fateful guess,
Will leave him torn between the no and yes,
Leave him unresting till he rests in me,
Drawn upward by the choice that makes him free—
Leave him in tragic loneliness to choose,
With all in life to win or all to lose."

—*Edwin Markham.*

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1914. NUMBER 23.

SAPPHO.

As a wan weaver in an attic dim,
Hopeless yet patient, so he may be fed
With scanty store of sorrow-seasoned bread,
Heareth a blithe bird carol over him;

And sees no longer walls and rafters grim,
But rural lanes where little feet are led
Through springing flowers, fields with clover spread,
Clouds, swan-like, that o'er depths of azure swim;—

So when upon our earth-dulled ear new breaks
Some fragment, Sappho, of the skyey song,
A noble wonder in our souls awakes;

The deathless Beautiful draws strangely nigh,
And we look up, and marvel how so long
We were content to toil for sordid joys that die.

—Florence Earle Coates.

"What the Church Can Do to Promote Social Justice," the address of Rev. E. A. Rumball before the general conference of Unitarians at Buffalo last fall, is the last pamphlet issued by the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, and is offered for free distribution at 25 Beacon St., Boston. With a larger measure of social justice will come, says Mr. Rumball, a greater call for the minister, and churches will draw larger audiences as the larger thought of God is understood and preached. There will come a new leader, and a wider education and more interest in a faith that can combine the honesty of the scientific method with the mysteriousness of a holy and lovely life.

One who holds a permanent position in an eastern college and has much to do with the student life of that college, herself a notable graduate, writes us:

I have thought much concerning the lack of interest of college graduates, in religious interests, noted in the columns of UNITY some two years ago. The latter half of the nineteenth century was certainly materialistic. Of course the colleges were affected with the same currents of thought as the rest of the world, but I believe the colleges are now endeavoring to teach ethical standards, I know that this institution takes a strong stand for such matters. Our college chaplain is respected and liked by the students. He does not preach the world religion that UNITY stands for, but he does preach broad orthodox Christianity ignoring doctrinal questions and dwelling upon ethical ones. Our students would probably not accept a liberal interpretation. Most of them come from narrow, orthodox homes and a too rapid transition of faith can not be expected from them. The meeting of the National college Y. M. C. A. held here showing Christianity conducted upon high standards of conduct was presented, but I think I notice another tendency, that is, a tendency to suppress their real views in matters of religion. Many of our faculty here repress expressions of their liberal views in religion for fear of hurting their academic advancement. On this campus there is certainly a feeling of restraint.

This is but another echo of the contentions of the late lamented T. W. Higginson in a notable article on "The Cowardice of Culture." Forty-two years intervened between the first divinity school address of Ralph Waldo Emerson at Cambridge, and the second divinity school address during which Harvard University gave the cold shoulder rather than the "glad hand" to its most illustrious graduate. Paris, St. Petersburg and Edinburgh, laid their honors at the feet of Joseph Priestley for his eminent scientific discoveries, but his own Oxford and Cambridge had no word of appreciation for him or protest to make while the mob was burning down his laboratory and library and the church wherein labored that master mind. When he sought the more hospitable wilds of America and had started in the Northumberland Woods the first church in America to take the Unitarian name, although Boston and Harvard College were then convulsed with theological agitations, yet James Henry Allan, the historian of Unitarianism in America and conversant with the records, wrote: "There was no signal of fellowship or word of appreciation sent from Boston to the learned scientist who had been driven to the woods of Pennsylvania."

And still the preparation for the Third Hague Conference, due in 1915, halts! Why this indolence? Why this conspiracy of silence on the part of the boastful "Leading Nations?" Is there some influence, some hidden undertow at work counteracting the obvious conclusions and expressions, convictions and prayers of the real economists, moralists, poets and statesmen? Has the petty selfishness, the greed, the race conceit and cowardice expressed and enacted by the United States in its theft of the Panama Zone from Colombia, in its violation of the English treaty concerning the Panama tolls, in its scant courtesy and scanter generosity towards its most ardent and progressive pupil nation in the west, devitalized its grasp, shamed it out of its pretentions, so that it has not the face to enact the role providentially assigned to it of leader of the nations in things that make for democracy, peace and international amity?

A daily paper urging upon public libraries and churches the advantages of advertising, puts forth the following sagacious plea for wider use of the advertising columns of the newspaper to demonstrate the value of more publicity:

"Too many people look upon a library as a resort for readers of fiction, of history or of other literature. They do not fully appreciate how it can contribute richly to their success in life as workers."

There is every reason to believe that the so-called practical resources of a well stocked library are under-estimated and under-worked, but there is no less need of emphasizing the menace to individuals and the community which comes from under-estimating the value of the library as a "resort for readers of fiction, history or other literature." No mechanic, farmer or laboring man can afford to do without the inspirations and re-enforcements indicated in the above sources. What clover and other legumes are to the soil in fertilizing crops, "fiction, history and other literature" are to the soul of the working man, the man of business, and the boasted man of affairs.

The last issue of the *World Peace Foundation* Series, in Boston, is an address given by Charl Shurz in 1896 before the American Conference of International Arbitration. In this address he anticipated the first Hague Conference by three years. It was given during the excitement following President Cleveland's Venezuelan Message. It witnesses to the high statesmanship of the great German-American who for all his honors has received but scant appreciation on the part of would-be American leaders of political thought and action. What a knockout blow this is to the pugilistic philosophers of England, Germany and America who are playing a fox and hound game in the battleship race. What one does the other will try to do, in order to preserve their proper "Power." When will these nations enter into the only efficient search for *power* among the nations suggested by the wise Carl Shurz, whose title of *Statesman* shines over and above his title of *General,* though he won conspicuous honors on the battlefield.

He says:

The most trustworthy and compelling power will always be the sense of honor of the parties concerned and their respect for the enlightened judgment of civilized mankind which will watch the proceedings.

Why not? There is good science as well as good ethics and high politics back of the bill introduced in the New York State Legislature on the 27th ult., which runs as follows:

1743 A. It shall be unlawful to sell at wholesale or retail, furnish or offer for sale any package, bottle or other holder containing any article, preparation or compound intended or commonly used for beverage purposes which contains more than two per cent by weight of alcohol unless the same shall bear on the outside thereof a special label on which shall be printed in red the skull and crossbones commonly used to designate poison and the following words: "This preparation contains alcohol which is a habit-forming, irritant, narcotic poison," such special label to be on the same side as the general label, if any, containing the name and description of the article. For the purposes of this act all bottles or other containers shall be divided into three classes, (1) those which contain one pint or less, (2) those which contain more than a pint, but not more than one gallon, and (3) those which contain more than a gallon. The type used on such label shall be legible and for the first class of containers shall not be smaller than eight point, for the second class not smaller than ten point and for third class not smaller than twelve point, in all cases the words "alcohol" and "poison" to be printed in heavy, bold face capitals and the skull and crossbones to be not less than one-half inch, one inch and one and one-half inches high for the first, second and third classes respectively.

Every person who shall violate the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be fined not less than five dollars nor more than fifty dollars or imprisoned not less than five days nor more than fifty days or both, at the discretion of the court.

Each bottle or other container sold, furnished or offered for sale without such special label shall constitute a separate offense.

The *Literary Digest* for January 31st, with fitting editorial insight, places an appreciative and informing description of the Rufus F. Dawes Hotel in Chicago in its department of religion and social service. This is a wealthy man's memorial tribute to the memory of a beloved son. It is a hotel in every sense of the word but it is for the benefit of the "down and outs." Two hundred beds at 5c a night in an attractive ward, and a hundred single beds in a private room for 10c. Eight cents provides a toothsome meal daintily served. This is the menu: Soup 2c, Coffee 2c, Doughnuts 1c, Pie 3c, and it works. The Dawes Hotel, as it is called, has its dangers of course. The difficulties of administration will be great, so are those connected with the hotels for the rich and the indulgent. Apropos to the opening of the Dawes Hotel, John McCutcheon's recent cartoon in the Chicago *Tribune* is interpretive. The upper panel: A lady and gentleman at a private table in an up-to-date restaurant with dainty dishes, are paying their bill which is $9.40. A ten dollar bill is ready with a "Keep the change" from the generous customer to the gracious waiter. Lower panel: Two hundred crowding customers at the hotel waiting to be served at 5c per meal. Ten dollars will pay this bill also.

Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchecquer, has been a life-long champion of woman suffrage; but perhaps he never expressed himself more strongly than in a recent interview which appears in the London newspapers concening the program of the Liberal party in England. He says:

I cannot imagine a complete program of Liberal reforms which leaves half the citizens of this country unenfranchised. Whenever a reform to which we have set our hand directly affects women as much as men—nay, more, directly affects women more than men,—it always seems to me to be an unarguable proposition that the opinion of women should not be constitutionally sought and expressed upon the rival proposals of settling these questions. This conviction, I am satisfied, is seizing hold so firmly on some of the best minds in the country, especially among the progressive forces, that the present position must soon become intolerable for the Liberal party. I firmly believe that, had it not been for the disastrous set-

back inflicted on the movement by the militant folly, the Liberal party would now have been committed as a party to pressing through this great reform. Militancy alone is holding it back. If it ceased, opinion would take some time to recover from its effects; but I cannot think it would take long. Until it ceases, however, I frankly despair of success. This is a great national misfortune, for every great and beneficent cause would be strengthened beyond reckoning by the admission of women to the franchise, always provided that it is a full and unrestricted admission.

This emphatic word of the British Chancellor is interesting in more ways than one. It is a revelation of the radical disaster which has been wrought by the crazy militant body of English suffragists to the cause they claimed to be serving. Such wild and wicked performances as the automobile onslaught upon the Prime Minister's house, witnessed this very week, are odious to the last degree to every decent citizen, suffragist or non-suffragist, and above all to the law-abiding Englishman. So long as any considerable number of English suffragists condone this sort of thing, so long they place a burden upon the friends of the cause in Parliament and out which is not likely to be lifted. Half a dozen years ago there was probably no country in the world where the suffrage cause was so promising as in England, the suffrage in many fields having been actually won; and but for the excesses which have ensued, among a people where they would have been least expected, English women would probably have the Parliamentary vote today. It is a lesson to be taken to heart in more fields than the suffrage field.

Rev. Hubert Handley, in *The Hibbert Journal* for January, answers the question "Ought there to be a broad church disruption?" from the standpoint of a liberal clergyman who stays inside and who justifies the use of words and the repetition of creeds which do not represent his individual convictions and are in acknowledged contradiction to the requirements of science and the conclusions of critical scholars. The creed to him "is the badge of a great society, a venerable, hereditary standard, scientific in mode, mystic in essence, conceived in symbolism and embued with poetry." This Vicar of St. Thomas, in London, argues well his case, and doubtless represents a spiritual attitude at once sincere and sensitive. But it remains for these liberals who are able to resolve the words of the creeds forged for dogmatic use into poems and symbols, to account for the increasing multitude who under their sanction and leadership are encouraged to accept the unthinkable dogmas in stupid stolidity, or to mouth them parrot-like with a more or less frank insincerity. The mental attitude of such is not so complimentary to the liberals who stay inside. Is it something like this: "Of course, as an individual I do not believe the Nicene Creed, who does? But then it is old and it is eminently respectable, and the church is a decent place for decent people to go to; it is proper and becoming." Is there not also a third class to be considered, those, who standing on the outside, look with suspicion and distrust upon all clergy, and upon every church as a place where there is a prattle of phrases which they do not understand, or understanding, do not believe. Evolution sometimes asserts itself by revolution and the spirit sometimes is saved by the *revision* of the word. There must have been some subtle connection in the editorial mind which followed this article by Dr. Handley with one from the Vicar of Carrington on the "Failure of the Church of England." Rev. Mr. Blount in the latter article complains of the slackness that is the menace of the church of England. He says: "But I appeal to any parish priest whether it is not his experience that scientific or intellectual movements are far less formidable enemies of religious observance than the bed, the arm-chair, the pipe, the motor car, the bicycle or the golf club. It is not mental alertness but physical relaxation which is the Church's worst opponent." Perhaps a careful student of these two articles will find a more intimate psychological connection between them than is superficially obvious.

"The Second Generation"

We print in our news column this week, an interesting account of one of the study sessions of the course in Immigration, conducted by the Senior Editor at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. The night reported was concerned with the Lithuanians. They had a most intelligent and scholarly interpreter in the person of a practicing physician in one of the oldest Lithuanian Colonies in the city of Chicago. When he arrived in Chicago twenty years ago there were three hundred Lithuanians awaiting him there. Now the population number seventy-five thousand. This man has witnessed the growth and shepherded the better life of these people, and is now able to interpret them in terms of American sociology.

This was but a sample evening. The Scandinavian, the German, the Bohemian, the Pole, the Russian Jew and the Armenian have been interpreted in like manner by competent representatives, from the inside; and without collusion, or any acquaintance the one with the other, they have told the same pathetic, gruesome, incriminating, but at the same time heroic, triumphant and thrilling story. All of them testified from the best of first-hand information to the essential integrity of these immigrants. They were honest, ready to work, and had a capacity to endure, and in the vast majority of cases, possessed spiritual resources that enabled them to rise through all difficulties and defeats into self-respecting, self-supporting, American citizens. Such is the fundamental character of the immigrants,

and in spite of their exploitation at every step of their American experience these new comers have in the main preserved their integrity. These speakers testified to what they had seen and much of what they had endured, through the exploitations of express men, hotel men, real-estate men, saloon men, and too often, employers of labor. And still these new comers have made good, proving themselves to be an indispensable and invaluable asset of the growing city of Chicago, as they have been of the growing country of the United States. Without their labor many of the wheels of industry would become still, and the ore would remain undug, or if digged, would remain unworked.

With strange unanimity the spokesmen of these nations confessed that the immigrant problem becomes acute in the second generation. The American born children of these immigrants are the ones that appear in the police courts, that perplex the protective agencies, and oftentimes render life and property unsafe. To account for this fact calls for the most astute analysis on the part of these speakers, and reveals to the student the most gruesome condition of the city of Chicago.

The causes are not far to see. They fall promptly under a few well defined groups of influences and tendencies.

The first of these influences, paradoxical as it may seem, seems to be incident to the public school system of America. Not that education hurts the child of the immigrant any more than it hurts any child, but in the public schools a chasm is dug between parent and child. The little learning in English leads them to distrust the intelligence of their parents, to be ashamed of their mother tongue, to regret, and, oftentimes to rebel, against parental authority.

Second, the contact of the child with the more extravagant native born child, the costlier dress, the more elaborate social complications, the fuss and the feathers, the dressmaking, the millinery, the tailoring, all awaken in the second generation an ambition that exceeds their earning power; an impatience with their condition that breeds, first, discontent, then pretension, and these ripen into extravagance and defiance.

In the third place, by common consent, and with an array of facts and figures as over-whelming as they are convincing, all these witnesses testified to the corrupting power of the American saloon, where indolence waits upon dissipation and loafing ripens into crime. All these witnesses were near enough to the habits of their fellow country-men, both at home and in America, to enable them to understand sympathetically the good side, if there is any, to the European beer and wine sipping, but they are all agreed that the simple home indulgence of the European peasants has little or nothing in common with the vulgar, coarse, vicious atmosphere of the American saloon, which first, last and all the time, works in all these communities to the brutalizing or stolidifying of the first generation, and the criminalizing of the second.

In the face of this awful arraignment, how shallow and inadequate, if not cruel, is this quibble of the illiteracy test that threatens to become a blot on the national statute-books. It is at best a confession of faithlessness in the power of America to assimilate good, honest, vigorous, raw material. It is a distrust of the public schools, and for all our pedagogical prattle about the value of manual training and technical education, it is a confession on the part of our law makers that they cannot trust the educational power of labor, the discipline of toil, and so must insist on a minimum of "book larnin," such an infinitesimal minimum that it utterly fails as an educational test, but remains as an indignity to honest brawn and willing brain.

These studies at the Lincoln Centre have done much to dissipate the prevalent assumption that while the inhabitants of northern and western Europe have been and may still be, desirable, the "hordes" from eastern and southern Europe are to be distrusted, and if possible, be kept out. This superstition vanishes on closer examination. That the east-European is generations behind the west-European in culture and civic development goes without the saying, but that these unfortunate children of more recent despotism are incapable of culture, insensible to democratic ideals and unresponsive to the influences that make for citizenship, is a proposition not sustained by the facts. When we get close up to these east-European people and find them in their homes, and note their energetic struggle for their children, their high ambitions for the same, we are rebuked. And when we analyze and catalogue the damnable influences with which the American born, the "favored free citizens," surround these toilers, we can but feel a sense of humiliation over the misapplication of patriotism, the short sighted statesmanship that is oblivious to the degrading forces, set agoing, fostered and protected by American institutions, and as oblivious, to the upward push, the climbing possibilities of these children of the east. "Physician heal thyself" is the word to the American citizen who is so afraid of contamination. The people who are so afraid of European brawn had better cease their clamor for more laborers, and test themselves by their readiness to milk the cows, husk the corn, pitch the hay and turn the furrow, with their own hands.

Poor pitiable second generation! You are the victims, not of the uncalculating faiths of your fathers and mothers, but of the wicked cupidity of the American citizen, who, in spite of all this stupendous enrichment from all lands, still hides behind the superficial conceit of the "Anglo-Saxon," the ignorant confidence in "blood" and the most delusive of prides, "the pride of descent."

We hope from time to time to print further reports of these studies in immigration at the Lincoln Centre, hoping that other churches, clubs, or social centers will also push first-hand investigations into the immigrant question of Chicago.

A Liberian Exhibition in Chicago

An exhibition of objects relating to the history and condition of Liberia will be opened in March at the building of the Chicago Historical Society. The exhibition will consist of all sorts of objects of historical interest as books, pamphlets, newspapers, Liberian prints, broadsides, maps, plans, pictures, views, portraits, autograph letters, documents, seals, stamps, coins, paper money, medals, decorations, etc., etc. The classification recognizes four groups under which the objects exhibited will be arranged: I. The American Colonization Society. II. The Republic. III. The Land. IV. The Missions. The objects will be so arranged and labeled as to make them convey their full information and interest. The exhibition will probably be opened on Monday, March 23, and remain open for two weeks, closing on Saturday, April 4. A program with lectures and addresses as the opening and closing is in contemplation and it is possible that other meetings may be arranged. The exhibition will be freely open to the public and it is hoped that many may take advantage of this opportunity to see and learn something of the Negro Republic on the west coast of Africa. Students from High Schools, either singly or in classes, are particularly invited. Liberia is our offspring. The United States is responsible for her existence. Her achievements, her needs, her condition and her problems should particularly interest us. The whole purpose of the exhibition is to arouse interest in and to increase knowledge of Liberia, which is perhaps the hope of the dark continent. Tickets will be necessary for the evening gatherings, but they will be furnished by the Chicago Historical Society without charge upon application. Individuals or organizations knowing Liberia or being in direct connection with Liberian matters are invited to assist in making the exhibition a success by loaning objects suitable for display, or by suggestions of ideas that may add to the interest of the exhibition. A printed catalogue of all objects shown will be issued and in it due credit will be given to exhibitors. It is believed that this catalogue will have permanent value and be a genuine contribution to the literature regarding Liberia. Will not editors and individuals who may read this announcement kindly aid in making the exhibition known. A large number of visitors is greatly desired.

FREDERICK STARR.

Phillips Brooks on the Higher Battles

Would you see loyalty, implicit obedience, and the complete acceptance of a law which is supreme? Where will you find them so absolute as in the eager intensity with which the scientist watches the face of Nature to catch the slightest intimation of her will? Would you see magnanimity? Where is it so entire as in the heart of the true merchant who feels the common wealth surrounding his personal fortunes and furnishing at once the sufficient means and the worthy purpose of his becoming rich? Would you see self-surrender? Its noblest specimens have not been on the field of battle where the dying soldier has handed the cup of water to his dying foe. They have been in the lanes and alleys of great cities where quiet and determined men and women have bowed before the facts of human brotherhood and human need, and given the full cups of their entire lives to the parched lips of their poor brethren. We learned during the great war that the heroism of the President might be every whit as great and splendid as the heroism of the General. The enthusiasm of the truth-seeker may be as glowing and unselfish as the enthusiasm which scales the height and captures the citadel with the resistless sword.

There is nothing good or glorious which war has brought forth in human nature which peace may not produce more richly and more permanently. When we cease to think of peace as the negative of war, and think of war as the negative of peace, making war and not peace the exception and interruption of human life, making peace and not war the type and glory of existence, then shall shine forth the higher soldiership of the higher battles. Then the first military spirit and its works shall seem to be but crude struggles after, and rehearsals for, that higher fight, the fight after the eternal facts and their obedience, the fight against the perpetually intrusive lie, which is the richer glory of the riper man. The facts of government, the facts of commerce, the facts of society, the facts of history, the facts of man, the facts of God, in these, in the perception of their glory, in the obedience to their compulsion, shall be the possibility and promise of the soldier statesman, the soldier scientist, the soldier philanthropist, the soldier priest, the soldier man. "The sword is beaten into the ploughshare, the spear into the pruning-hook." "The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled." But it is not that the power of fight has perished; it is that the battle has gone up on to higher ground, and into higher light. The battle is above the clouds.—*From Phillips Brooks' Sermon before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.*

World Peace Foundation, Boston.

Four Points Which the American Peace Party Should Now Press

1. International action for the joint limitation of naval armaments and expenditures; and meantime firm opposition to any increase in our own naval program.

2. Immediate steps by our government for the creation of an international committee to prepare the program for the Third Hague Conference, which should meet in 1915.

3. The repeal of the clause in the Panama Canal Act exempting American coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls, the equal treatment of the vessels of all nations having been pledged in our treaty with Great Britain.

4. Prompt renewal in their original or an improved form of our arbitration treaties with Great Britain and other nations which have expired.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

A FAMILY OF DOERS OF GOOD.

One of the most touching passages in Boswell's Johnson, is that in which he tells how the great doctor found a dissolute, helpless woman in the street and carried her home to his lodging and took care of her. That was exactly the kind of action that Gerrit Smith would have performed. Miss King relates, under date of March 26, 1833, that Mr. Smith, returning from Morrisville where he had been attending court, "picked up a man dead drunk in the road. He brought the man in his arms into the kitchen," she continues, "where he now lies on a buffalo robe by the fire."

If a person were in distress, Gerrit Smith did not stop to insist on a certificate of character before ministering to his need. If it appeared that the recipient of his kindly offices were unworthy, he was apt to pity him all the more. To be a "miserable sinner" was in his eyes so great a calamity in itself as to demand the pity of those who might be able to do such an one any good. He was sometimes imposed upon, of course, and knew that he was. But such knowledge made no difference in his habits of helpfulness. At the same time, when helping anybody whom he knew to be suffering from faults of his own, the philanthropist accompanied his material help with earnest efforts to arouse a better spirit in the man.

A case involving flagrant moral obtuseness, to give it no severer name, related by Miss King, was that of a man who picked up a sum of money on "rum tavern steps," and instead of endeavoring to discover the owner, had treated it as a treasure trove and used it in buying a cow. The man who had lost the money, however, learned about it and sent the constable after the culprit. With a term in prison staring him in the face, the guilty person bethought him of Mr. Smith, who, upon hearing the story and finding the offender apparently penitent, gave him money with which to square the matter with the prosecutor. He accompanied the deed of kindness, however, with some very plain words on the dishonesty of the man's act, and he went away with many protestations of reform.

One evening in mid-December "A poor, wandering woman" comes to the mansion. She "sings hymns" and "talks continually," and is quite evidently distraught. "Mrs. Smith is much interested in her," runs the journal. "She is given a room, made comfortable and allowed to stay for a week."

At another time the journalist mentions "two poor, sick girls who have lived for some weeks past in the nursery."

Works of goodness such as these which came under the teacher's observaton went on without interruption through the entire life of Gerrit Smith and his wife. He was a giver of large sums to great causes, but the rills of his daily charities, flowing in all directions, helped innumerable plodding journeyers on life's road over the hard places. And the times were rare when the mansion's hospitable roof was not furnishing shelter to some one or more of earth's unfortunates.

The nineteenth century, noted far above all preceding cycles for discoveries and inventions, was exhibiting mechanical devices in ever-increasing number, calculated to increase the products of labor. Here is a note respecting an invention that revolutionized a method of labor in use for unnumbered generations. Miss King writes:

September 16, 1833. At noon went with Mrs. Smith and the children to the new barn and saw the threshing machine work. It is quite a curious contrivance, and has sometimes got out 200 bushels of wheat in a day. It requires four horses and five men to manage it.

Another interesting and epoch marking innovation is recorded in this paragraph:

December 3, 1833. The new stove for the hall came today. It cost 50 dollars. The top of the cast-iron pyramid is about 8 feet high. Two tons of anthracite coal were brought to burn in the stove.

And still another in this:

April 23, 1833. I write this with Mrs. Smith's metallic pen.

On Sept. 7, 1833, an event occurred which was a happy culmination to the prayers of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. "In the afternoon," says the journal, "Elizabeth Smith was received into the church. Mr. Smith went with his daughter and stood in the aisle."

Gerrit Smith had not, at this time, become a member of the Anti-slavery Society, as has been said. He had, however, in addition to his great activity in the Colonization Society, engaged on his own account in philanthropic undertakings for colored people. Among other things he had recently established for them in Peterboro a manual training school. Miss King refers to it:

October 31, 1834. We all went to hear the colored boys declaim and read compositions. They did extremely well and reflected great credit on the patron of the school and the faithful teacher. The room was full—friends and foes.

The last word shows that even in Peterboro there were persons so prejudiced against the blacks as to object to their being given a chance to learn to use their brains and hands intelligently. In the Presbyterian Church, if any such prejudice existed, it was not allowed to rule. Miss King taught a class of colored youth in the Sunday School.

Here is another reference to the colored school, in a letter from Fitzhugh to his aunt, Mrs. Isabella Swift. It is dated March 12, 1835:

Father has a school here for young gentlemen of color. James Williamson, one of the scholars, came from Africa. He has an uncle who is a king in Africa. He is very neat and so are all the scholars. Robert Banks, one of them, is going to be married in the spring and to settle in Buffalo or in Oswego. I supposed you would like to hear about the negroes, because you took care of those Indians here a great while ago.

Among Miss King's notes is a record of a cold day, to be remembered when "the oldest inhabitant" is dilating on extremes of weather:

January 9, 1835. Mercury in the ball. This is at least 44 degrees below zero, and the coldest in 50 years.

Miss King mentions Mr. Smith's custom of paying visits to the sick, amongst his neighbors, and praying with them. It was a habit in which he persisted to the last. In this, as in all else, he was everybody's good friend.

The school in the mansion was closed in the spring of 1835, Elizabeth and Fitzhugh being regarded as

old enough to be sent away to school. The faithful teacher's last weeks were saddened by the sickness and death of little Nanny. The child died of canker rash, April 21, 1835. It was a sad event to her, for she had become deeply attached to the lovable little girl. The blow to the parents was heavy indeed. The little one was laid to rest in the orchard. Answering a letter of sympathy from Miss King's father, Gen. King, Gerrit writes:

If among the objects of my affection in this world, there was one whom I regarded with a superior strength of affection, surely there was none towards whom I felt tenderness equaling that which entered into my love for the dear child, whose death you mourn. The world is incapable of comforting me. Jesus alone can fill the aching void in my heart.

I was aware that you loved my dear baby, and much in turn was "Nimmy's Pa" loved by her. (Nanny called Miss King "Nimmy.") Let us hope that, in a better world, all the members of your family and mine will meet, to be animated by a purer, stronger, holier love than is known this side the grave.

Our Elizabeth and Fitzhugh have gone to their schools, and your dear daughter leaves us in a few days. How great a change do three short weeks make in our family. God grant that it may be attended with a blessed change in the heart of each remaining inmate.

In the journal, under date of April 26, 1835, is note of a sweet old custom, forgotten in these days:

Cut some of Libby's, Fitz's, Cornelia's and Gatty's hair for keepsakes.

And now the day has come which is to witness the teacher's departure. She writes:

May 12, 1835. Took my last breakfast with this dear family for the present. Went with Laura into the garden, and she and Christy got me a good variety of roots and put them in nice order for me to carry home. (Another lovely old-time custom.)

I took my leave of this dear, lovely family, after having been with them almost three years.

This has been a sunny spot in my life, and may I ever be thankful for this situation, and remember the good lessons I have learned here.

Four days previous to the final entry in her journal, Miss King received this note from the good master of Peterboro:

My Dear Miss King:—I wish you to purchase with the enclosed ten dollars some books, of your own selection, and to regard them as a present from me, and expression of my profound esteem for you.

I can never cease to remember and value you as a Christian friend, as a faithful teacher of my children and as a very pleasant and much beloved member of my family for nearly three years. The Lord be with you, prays

Your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

Peterboro, May 8th, 1835.

A little less than forty years later, Miss King, having retired from the teaching work which had occupied a long and useful life, returned to Peterboro and purchased a home there, for the purpose of being near her dear friends, whom she had never forgotten and who had never forgotten her. She had hardly become settled in her own pleasant home, near the mansion, when Gerrit Smith passed away; and scarcely had she become used to his absence when his wife followed her husband. The reader may easily imagine that the grief and disappointment caused by these deaths was very keen. She carried it, as all must learn to carry their sorrows, and taking up her abode with her nieces in Washington, passed fifteen peaceful years before she crossed the river to be with her friends of other days.

(To be continued)

"Gentlemen All!"

Are you of those who use the word "foreigner" as a term of opprobrium? Do you speak of the "ignorant Pole?" Have Italians been to you nothing but "Dagos" and have all those who speak a tongue strange to you and who bear the brunt of toil with pick and shovel, hammer or trowel, been simply "Wops?"

You, then, are one of those to whom this article is written.

But not to you alone the writer would speak, but to all those who have themselves been "strangers in a strange land;" to those who would extend the hand of welcome to "the stranger within our gates;" to all who would come to know and thereby appreciate the sterling characters of thousands now known simply as "foreigners" and lastly he would put you in touch with the only influence which can unify the cosmopolitan elements which make up our city, namely, the evening school.

To you and all of you he would present his friends, Alexander Marcinkowski of Poland, Pasquale De Bartolomeo of Fontecchio, Province of Aquila (Eagle), Italy; Victory Anthony of Salonica, Turkey; Lewis Sifter of Lavasz Patona, Hungary—one a "laborer," another a musician, a third an itinerant merchant; a fourth, one who has traveled in Manchuria and Japan, now one of a dredging crew, gentlemen all.

These men, with over 500 adult foreigners of the night schools, the writer has come to know as personal friends. It came about in this way: In the plan of instruction, a necessary condition was to get acquainted.

So an outline of talks was arranged which would appeal to the pupils, and, at the same time, give the teacher a clew to the lives of her pupils. First, there were talks about the "fatherland" and the life led in the native land.

"Where were you born?" "Who ruled the country?" And gradually, as all became better acquainted, more intimate questions. "Will you tell us something of your life at home?" "Were the people happy there?" "Will you describe your country that we may enjoy its memories with you?" "What did you do as a child to earn money?" Most pupils felt the kindly interest behind the questions and responded as fluently as their English would admit.

Then followed questions of the journey across the water and experiences on arrival. "Did anyone cheat you?" was asked.

"No," said the 500 who replied to this question.

Later the pupils were led to converse of their life here. "What do you do for a living here?" was sometimes evaded, especially by the conservative Pole and the cautious Hebrew.

"I work for a living," was often the reply, but with the Italians, Scandinavians, Greeks, Syrians and Huns the responses were gratifying in their frankness.

"How much do you earn a week?" "Do you save any of your wages?" were questions which drew ready and full response.

"Did you like this country when you came?" was generally answered by "Yes, but I like it better now."

Finally came questions to determine the pupil's mental attitude, his sense of appreciation, his understanding of his rights and his duties as a member of

the community and a prospective citizen: "What does the American flag mean to you?" "Has this country done anything for you?" "What does it mean to be a good citizen?"

Responses to the questions elicited discussion which finally crystallized with sentiment—in almost every case a gratifying one.

At last, the whole life story had been told; the final step, that of writing it out, was done. The whole forming a mass of data intensely interesting and extremely instructive in its bearing upon the foreigner as he is represented in the evening schools.

Those pupils introduced to the reader at the beginning of this article are real people, but they are also types of hundreds of others and we believe represent a character and ability common not only in the night school but among the races whom they represent.

Of the reproductions from the autobiographical sketches, many will remark upon the beauty of the writing; many others on the excellent use of English by those who recently neither spoke nor wrote our language. The pedagogue will appreciate and give credit to the splendid teaching of the evening schools in its bearing on citizenship.

To some the note of pathos will make direct appeal. Others will remark the clear understanding, the true ring of patriotism expressed. Would that every American boy and girl had as true a concept of citizenship as have Lewis Sifter, Hun, John Rucinski, Russian Pole.

"The American flag means to all people that this is the land of freedom."

So says Charlie Milazzo of Montedoro, Italy, and the same thought appears in over 500 other compositions whose writers hail from every country, from the land of the Midnight Sun to the shores of Sicily, and from the Netherlands to Palestine.

You have questions as to the life of these people? Let Joseph and Pietro and Stanislaus and the others speak for their races.

Paul Cherry, Russian Hebrew with an Americanized name, shall answer for his fellows, for the story of the Russian Hebrew is the saddest.

"I went to school, but the principal says he hasn't any room for Jewish children in his school."—"No, the people are not happy."—"This is the Land of Freedom; I will be a good citizen."

Read as much as you please between the lines.

Aside from these and a few scattering replies, one from the Azores, another from Germany, a few from Italy and Turkey all claim that the people are happy in their native land. If it is not so they at least will not admit it. We admire their pride, if it is pride, that prompts them to paint a rosy picture of the fatherland. "I call my country 'The Second Paradise,'" says Adolph of the Riviere—"My home was near the forest between many hills," says Rudolph of Germany, "It is the very beautiful."

"Yes, I am homesick sometimes for there are few to speak to here." We will call the speaker Vartan Pazjian, who sailed from Constantinople, voicing a trouble which the night school will cure. Not so easy to reconcile those and they are many who long for the parents, family and "home."

"My mother misses the absence of my presence"—quaint but pathetic.

Shall we have to support the foreigner or his children? John of Giwaniska will answer for his people, "I earn $10.50 per week; I put away $5.00 every week."

Braggio of Rionero, Vulture, Italy, represents an occasional case only, when he reports that he supports a family of four on $7.00 per week.

Carl Anderson reports for the Swedes as a structural iron worker after three years in this country. "I receive 60c an hour."

Abdallah from Palestine, says: "I sell rugs and laces in the residence section. I make $25 a week."

The lowest wage reported, and that by a young unmarried man, is $6.50 per week, and "I am able to save some."

For lessons in thrift we can go to school to the foreigner.

Foreigners, as we know them, are not the "offscourings" of the great continental cities, but rather do they bring with them the sturdy physical and mental qualities of the out-of-doors and a breath of groves, plains, mountains and snowy glaciers. Cerisano, Monte Maggiore, Montedoro, Aquilla, Vulture, these are the native places of some of our Italian pupils. There's music and freshness in the very sound.

This article must not end without a personal tribute to the men I have met in the night school.

They are gentlemen without exception; kind, cheerful, studious, ambitious, loyal, appreciative. It is a pleasure to meet them, and the pleasure increases with every visit.

Here's to you, Jan and Stanislaus and Francizzek, and to those like you from the plains of Poland and the valleys of Hungary.

And here's to you, Philipo, Antonio and Bartolomeo, from the land of blue skies and vineclad hills.

Greetings: Carl of Sweden and Eric of Norway, as sturdy and as strong as your rock-bound coast; Vartan of Constantinople and Joseph of Russia; you have shown yourselves good men; we welcome you. Abdallah from far Palestine and John of Greece, you also have won us by your work. Our ranks would not now be complete without you.

Here's to you all!

—George E. Smith, M. D.

The Common Good.

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*This paper was read at a meeting of which the editor was chairman, in connection with the New York State Teachers' Association at Syracuse. It helped carry unanimously a resolution to the effect that at all future sessions of the Association, there shall be an official section dealing with the education of the immigrant.

Vocational Guidance

A Report Read by Miss Bertha Van Hove at the Annual Meeting of All Souls Church, Jan. 8, 1914*

To do real vocational guidance the work ought to begin while the child is in school.

First. There should be a system of differentiated courses in the public schools to give an opportunity to take not only academic studies, but also hand work at several trades.

Second. There should be placement or job-finding and follow-up work.

Third. There should be compulsory Continuation Schools which all children would attend at regular times each week while they were employed.

As we have very little vocational work taught in the public schools, and no opportunity whatever to

try several trades, so that an intelligent choice of an occupation may be made, it leaves vocational guidance sadly crippled. It is, in fact, a matter of doing the best we can at placement and follow-up work.

Most of the children whom we try to bring under our influence are under sixteen—too immature to know what they wish to do for a life work and too untrained to do anything except the simplest unskilled work. No trades are open to them until they are sixteen, and even then the unions limit the number of apprentices. About the only work available is non-educative and seasonal work, sometimes attended by physical and moral dangers.

Investigation shows that in a few instances these immature bread winners have had this burden forced upon them by the disability or low wage of the parents, but in most instances they simply sought to escape school work which had become irksome.

From factory inspectors we learn that 12,000 positions in Chicago are open to children under sixteen From school reports we learn there are 24,000 children under sixteen out of school. Allowing several thousand openings at housework which are not included in the factory inspector's reports, it still leaves many thousands of children with no possible chance of being regularly employed.

With no way of enforcing the compulsory education law, the working certificate practically becomes a license to loaf. Is it any wonder we grow criminals instead of useful citizens? And is it not about time we were doing something about it? All the vocational guidance done here or elsewhere is but a drop in the bucket, but we are doing the best we can with the few children who come to our attention. If the particular thing for which the child seems fitted is not available, the best thing available is suggested, rather than idleness.

Knowing you will understand that it is not the frequency or infrequency of the calls that counts, but rather what is accomplished by the calls, I submit the following statistics for this year: 808 calls on children; 519 calls on employers; 81 calls on school teachers or principals. Eighty-seven different children asked for employment at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Almost all of these children were sixteen or over and had at least seventh grade education, and were rather above the average. Work was found for sixty-six. It is not to be inferred, however, that these sixty-six are all working still in the same positions. As a matter of fact only twenty-six of them are, and of these only sixteen are in positions where, I think, they really have a good prospect of continued advance in earning capacity.

Some of the twenty-one for whom I did not find employment asked more pay than I was able to get and eventually found their own employment; a few returned to school, and only two or three were unreliable, so that I could not recommend them.

This may not be a good showing, but if only a few have been assisted in getting positions where there is the happy combination of an increasing wage and a growing efficiency and responsibility, then the effort has not been in vain.

*Miss Van Hove, in residence at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, is a Vocational Worker under the joint auspices of the Chicago Woman's Club and All Souls Church.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

From time to time we have printed in UNITY outlines of the lessons in the "History and Practice of Religion," as studied in the Seven Years' Course at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. This course was projected many years ago by a committee, of which William C. Gannett, H. M. Simmons, John C. Lerned and the editor of UNITY were the more responsible members. It is the object of this course to give to children of Sunday School age a sympathetic outline of the religious experience of the race, given as graphically and biographically as possible. It is the experience of at least one Sunday School, that of All Souls Church, Chicago, that the course can be made vital, and does hold the attention of children from next to the primary grade to the adult classes.

These lessons are first presented by the Minister to a study class of adults, attendance at which is required of all teachers in the Sunday School. This class at the Lincoln Centre has for many years fallen into two sections, one which meets at 10:30 a. m. Tuesdays and has an enrollment this year of one hundred and seventeen women, the other section at 8 p. m. Fridays, for the benefit of men and women, and has an enrollment of some thirty or more. With such notes, printed outlines, charts, maps and pictures as can be made available, the teachers adjust the lessons to the capacity of their classes in the Sunday School. The Minister always conducts the general exercises, and devotes from five to ten minutes in the way of such reviews, reiteration and memorization as will tie the lessons together and give the sense of continuity.

The last year's work, the Third Year's work in the course, was reported in the columns of UNITY, as adapted from Mr. Jones's lessons, by Dr. Alice D. Williams. In response to many requests we will begin next week the publication of a similar outline of this year's work, the Fourth Year in the course, as prepared by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman.

This week we print the year's program with the references brought down to date by Professor Toy of Harvard University.

THE SEVEN YEARS' WORK.

FIRST YEAR—Beginnings; The Legend and the True Story.
SECOND YEAR—The Religions of the Elder World.
THIRD YEAR—The Growth of Hebrew Religion. (The Old Testament.)
FOURTH YEAR—The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classic World. (The Apocrypha.)
FIFTH YEAR—The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion. (The New Testament.)
SIXTH YEAR—The Growth of Christianity; Stepping Stones Across the First Sixteen Centuries of the Christian Era.
SEVENTH YEAR—The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion: from Erasmus to Emerson.

III.

THE APOCRYPHAL PERIOD OF JEWISH LITERATURE.

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture.

The Fourth Year in the Seven Years' Course in the Study of Religion.

1. Intoductory.
2. Alexander the Great, 356-323 B. C.
3. Alexandria and Antioch.
4. I Esdras (a).
5. Ecclesiasticus (a).

6. Baruch (a).
7. The Sibylline Oracles, Jewish (b).
8. Enoch.
9. I Maccabees (a).
10. II Maccabees (a).
11. Additions to Esther (a).
12. Tobit (a).
13. The Prayer of Manasses (a).
14. Psalms of Solomon (b).
15. Assumption of Moses (b).
16. Additions to Daniel (a).
17. III Maccabees (c).
18. The Book of Wisdom (a).
19. IV Maccabees (c).
20. The Book of Jubilees (b).
21. The Book of the Secrets of Enoch.
22. Sibylline Oracles, Christian (b).
23. Seneca, 4B. C.—65 A. D.
24. Epictetus, First Century A. D.
25. Philo, 20 B. C.—40 A. D. (?)
26. Judith (a).
27. Josephus (37-95 (?) A. D.) A. R. Shillets' translation (Scribner).
28. Apocalypse of Baruch (b).
29. II Esdras (a).
30. Ascension of Isaiah (b).
31. Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs (b).
32. The Talmud.

Explanation—(a) indicates books found in Apocrypha; (b) indicates books found in Dean's Pseudepigrapha; (c) indicates books found in Churton's Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scriptures.

REFERENCES*

Revised to date by Prof. C. H. Toy, of Harvard University.

Articles in Encyclopedia Biblica, Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible, and Jewish Encyclopedia.

The Apocrypha (revised version).

Pseudepigrapha by W. J. Deane.

The Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament. Two quarto volumes from the Oxford Press, edited by R. H. Charles, assisted by twenty-six sub editors. The entire literature between 200 B. C. and 100 A. D., is to be found in these volumes.

Churton's Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scriptures.

Bissell's Commentary on the Apocrypha in the Lange Series.

Cheyne's Jewish Religious Life After the Exile.

Cornill's History of the People of Israel.

Montefiore's Bible for Home Reading, Part II.

The Messages of the Later Prophets, by Sanders and Kent.

Toy's Judaism and Christianity.

Toy's Quotations in the New Testament.

Rodkinson's Edition of the Talmud.

Talmudic Miscellany, by P. I. Hershon.

The Bible for Learners.

Religion of Israel, by Knappert.

Kuenen's Religion of Israel, Vol. III.

T. S. Rigg's History of the Jewish People (brief, clear and reliable, C. H. T.)

Sibylline Oracles, translated by M. S. Terry, N. Y., 1890 (Hunt & Eaton).

The Book of Enoch, translated by R. H. Charles, 2d edition, 1912, Warren F. Draper, Andover.

The Apocalypse of Baruch, translated by R. H. Charles, Black, London, 1896.

The Assumption of Moses, translated by R. H. Charles, Black, London, 1897.

The Book of Wisdom, translated by A. T. S. Goodrick, London and New York, 1913.

The Ascension of Isaiah, translated by R. H. Charles, Black, London, 1900.

The Book of the Secrets of Enoch, from the Slavonic, Morfill & Charles, Clarendon Press, Oxford.

Critical History of the Doctrine of Future Life (2d ed.) by R. H. Charles, A. & C. Black, London.

*The best general commentary on the Apocrypha is that added to the Speaker's Commentary.

Books Received

R. F. Fenno & Co.,

The Spiritual Life, by Uriel Buchanan.

Funk & Wagnalls Co.,

The Vital and Victorious Faith of Christ, by George Shipman Payson. $1.00 net.

In the Sunlight of Health, by Charles Brodie Patterson. $1.20 net.

THE STUDY TABLE

Books

Little, Brown & Co. send us one more volume by Jeffery Farnol, "The Honorable Mr. Tawnish." This book will probably please a large class of readers. It is English in tone and substance and is admirably done for the sort of doing. I do not care for it. In fact Mr. Farnol should get back to the tone and spirit of his first book, "The Broad Highway." It was a masterpiece every way. Have you read it? This is a masterpiece in a very specialized way.

From *Stark Bros.* I get a copy of "Centennial Fruits." I do not see why one of these masterpieces of rural art should not have its position in literature. The object of the book is to illustrate, in natural size and colors, some of the best fruits in the world. True it is that they are grown on *Stark* trees; but you and I can grow them almost anywhere in America, with proper judgment and care. The Stark Brothers have the largest nurseries in the United States, combining them altogether—that is six or eight of them. Here we get in splendid illustration not only the very finest fruits in cultivation, but a few extra choice sorts, that have been rescued from oblivion by this enthusiastic firm. We have needed something of this sort badly; for we have probably lost forever some of the very best things nature ever produced in the way of apples, pears, peaches, cherries, plums and berries. We need an American enthusiasm along the Burbank line; that is to create and preserve the best. The world cannot afford to grow orchards of rubbish, as well have no fruit at all. Jesus maledicted a fig tree that was a poor fruiter. Follow the Starks, and plant the best. I have in New York State their "Black Ben," their "Delicious," their "King David;" and down here I am trying the marvelous peach, "Stark's Early Alberta." A box of these peaches traveled by mail from Missouri to Clinton, N. Y., and thence down here, arriving in perfect condition. I wish all the readers of UNITY could share in this enthusiasm over plates of pears and apples they have been able themselves to create.

The *Technical World Magazine* for January is quite an agricultural affair. One of its best articles tells our farmers that they should go to Europe to learn how to till to the best advantage. The article tells us that some of our richest lands, on many of our best farms, show value mainly by producing enormous weeds—thousands of acres, supposed to be under tillage, but practically waste. The main point to be remembered is that Nature did not play the fool in making weeds. These weeds should be turned into soil, by the highway of composting them, adding plenty of lime. Turn them into soil as fast as possible. Waste nothing of the kind, for every ounce will be needed to keep our lands fertile. I wish you would read also an article on learning "the hen's secrets," and then refuse a home to fowls that cannot be educated to better egg laying. By the way no animal or fowl is worth the while that cannot be taught sympathy with us while we give sympathy to them. The beautiful home makes beautiful bees and cattle and fowls as well as beautiful flowers and beautiful children. Keep at the front Plato's trinity, "the True, the Beautiful and the Good."

E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME

Helps To High Living

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO.

SUN.—For him her old-world moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

MON.—One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity.

TUES.—His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost to vapor's blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

WED.—He knew to bide his time.

THURS.—Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field.

FRI.— Standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

SAT.—Never was funeral panegyric so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged when they met on that day. Their common manhood had lost a kinsman.

—James Russell Lowell on Abraham Lincoln.

THE EMANCIPATION GROUP. BOSTON, 1879.

Amidst thy sacred effigies
Of old renown give place,
O city, Freedom loved! to his
Whose hand unchained a race.

Take the worn frame, that rested not
Save in a martyr's grave—
The care-lined face, that none forgot,
Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free! The mighty word
He spake was not his own;
An impulse from the Highest stirred
These chiselled lips alone.

The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,
Along his pathway ran,
And Nature, through his voice, denied
The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these sad eyes
Saw peril, strife, and pain;
His was the nation's sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain.

A symbol of God's will on earth
As it is done above!
Bear witness to the cost and worth
Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify
To coming ages long,
That truth is stronger than a lie,
And righteousness than wrong.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

How Lincoln's Life Was Saved

When Mr. Lincoln was quite a small boy he met with an accident that almost cost him his life. He was saved by Austin Gollaher, a young playmate. Mr. Gollaher lived to be more than ninety years of age, and to the day of his death related with great pride his boyhood association with Lincoln.

"Yes," Mr. Gollaher once said, "the story that I once saved Abraham Lincoln's life is true. He and I had been going to school together for a year or more, and had become greatly attached to each other. Then school disbanded on account of there being too few scholars, and we did not see each other much for a long while.

"One Sunday my mother visited the Lincolns, and I was taken along. 'Abe' and I played around all day. Finally we concluded to cross the creek to hunt for some partridges young Lincoln had seen the day before. The creek was swollen by a recent rain, and, in crossing on the narrow footlog, 'Abe' fell in. Neither of us could swim. I got a long pole and held it out to 'Abe' who grabbed it. Then I pulled him ashore.

"He was almost dead and I was badly scared. I rolled and pounded him in good earnest. Then I got him by the arms and shook him, the water meanwhile pouring out of his mouth. By this means I succeeded in bringing him to, and he was soon all right.

"Then a new difficulty confronted us. If our mothers discovered our wet clothes they would whip us. This we dreaded from experience and determined to avoid. It was June, the sun was very warm, and we soon dried our clothing by spreading it on the rocks about us. We promised never to tell the story, and I never did until after Lincoln's tragic end."—*From "Abe" Lincoln's Yarns and Stories, by Alexander K. McClure.*

Where Language Fails

Perhaps the most charming of all Joaquin Miller's works is his prose romance or autobiography, "Life Among the Modocs," a story of Indian life, in which the soul of the red man is more sympathetically figured than in any other book, suggests a contributor to *The Humanitarian,* London.

Take this passage:

"I said to the old chief one day: 'Your language is very poor; it has so few words.'

"'We have enough. It does not take many words to tell the truth,' he answered.

"'Ah, but we have a hundred words to your one.'

"'Well, you need them.' . . . The old Indian rose as he said this, and gathered his blanket about his shoulders. His dog lay with his nose on his two paws, and his eyes raised to his master's. 'You have not words enough in all your books to get a single look from the eyes of my dog.'"

PROBLEMS.

A bowl of water, a cake of soap,
A towel, each in its place;
A problem: how to get these three
On Henry's hands and face.
A leather brush, a long black comb,
A tooth-brush lying there;
A problem: how to get these three
On Henry's teeth and hair.

—H. O. Spellman.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE IMMIGRANTS IN CHICAGO.

"Lithuania in Russia and in Chicago" was the subject on an address by Dr. A. L. Graiczunas, on Monday evening, January 26, before the class in Immigration which Mr. Jones holds every Monday night at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago. Dr. Graiczunas, who came to this country twenty years ago, is a physician and surgeon in the Lithuanian district on Halsted street. He has had practical experience among his own people, who are endeavoring to become good, self-supporting American citizens in spite of the discouragements and hardships that are inflicted on them by the social conditions, which our government allows. Something is wrong somewhere in the attempts of adjustment of our foreign neighbors to their new surroundings, and after hearing Dr. Graiczunas, we are inclined to believe that the trouble lies not with them, but rather with our government.

Dr. Graiczunas began by giving a brief history of the Lithuanians in Europe. Six or seven hundred years ago, during a weak and an obscure period in Russian history, the Lithuanians who had formerly been a chaos of Slavo-Finnish tribes, united under one government. They were a formidable people, by reason of the extent of their dominions, which covered the territory from the Baltic coast, across the continent almost to the Black Sea. But they had no towns or fortified places, and thus laying themselves open to foreign invasion, they came gradually under the sway of Germany and Russia. They were greatly interfered with by the Russians, who undertook to stop any of their attempts at a meagre education, by taking away their books. Being ambitious, however, the more they were prohibited, the more they wanted to learn, with the result that the children were taught their A B C's by their grandmothers in dark rooms. Then the Russian government began picking out some of the best of their people, and sending them to Siberia. Many of these escaped to Europe and a few found their way to the United States. These few wrote back to friends and relatives of the freedom and opportunities in this country, urging them to try their luck here. The steam-boat companies, thinking of their own profits, added the inducement of low rates, and for these reasons plus the desire to escape the Russian government, about twenty thousand Lithuanians a year began to emigrate. The Lithuanian population in Chicago alone, at the present time, numbers seventy-five thousand.

Now that they are here, how do they survive in this country? About half of them die before they reach the age of sixty-five years, whereas at home they live to be eighty, ninety and even one hundred years old. In the old country they are a strong, well-built people, having agriculture as their chief occupation, and leading wholesome, natural lives. From these surroundings they are suddenly transplanted to the city, with no idea of hygiene, or of how to take care of themselves. They are forced to live in dirty tenements or in small houses having three to six persons in each room. It is no wonder that they are not able to keep clean.

When he comes here, every Lithuanian is a sober man, but conditions often lead him to be a drunkard. His friends take him to a saloon and he is afraid to refuse them, or perhaps there is no place else to go, on a cold or rainy night, and the saloon is the most natural meeting place. For these reasons we should have more settlements such as the one situated at 3149 Halsted street, where the Lithuanians come every evening in large numbers, to read, to attend classes of different sorts, and to work out for themselves their many problems.

The Lithuanians as a people, are ambitious and are continually trying to better themselves. They organize banks in which to put away savings of twenty-five or fifty cents a week, and they form benefit societies to insure their widows. They build their own schools and churches and even their own dance halls, where the dancing is properly supervised. The Lithuanian schools, however, have not as high a standard as our public schools, being about four or five years behind. If a child stops school when

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he is fourteen years old, he has only reached the fourth or fifth grade. There is room here for great improvement, which might be brought about if the teachers in these schools were required to have a certificate.

Dr. Graiczunas ended his lecture by saying that he believed the Lithuanians were a desirable race to have in this country, from both physical and moral standpoints. They are producers in our mills and mines and in the stock yards, and they are strong morally, endeavoring all the time to uplift themselves. They have made great progress in the twenty years they have been here, with little thanks to the Americans, and they have the desire to become good citizens. Every nationality has its own heroes and its own peculiar characteristics, and if we could sift out the best in each nation, would we not find that all of them, including the Slavs, have something to contribute to this great melting-pot land of ours?

After Mr. Graiczunas' address, Mr. S. P. Tananevicz said a few words about the educational opportunities in this country as compared with those at home, where, until recently they studied only the Russian language in the schools. He believes that the United States is a big thing for immigrants, and he is opposed to the bill which would require them to be able to read and write, as it would keep out many who would make desirable citizens. The uneducated ones may acquire an education in the evening schools after their arrival. Anyway, as Mr. Jones says, "illiteracy is better than immorality."

EDITH LOBDELL.

To my mind, much more significant than any event during 1913 has been the development of the state of the public mind. Despite unfortunate, distressing and cruel wars in different parts of the world, I think the most significant happening during 1913 has been the tremendous increase in the spirit of brotherliness and brotherhood. I attribute this largely to the emphasis now being laid by the churches on the preaching of the gospel of social service. In the last five years the public viewpoint has been entirely changed as to the duty of the community toward the individual. —*William S. Bennet, Ex-Congressman.*

To my mind the most significant event of 1913 is one that has not happened; that is to say, I think that the avoidance of armed intervention in Mexico is a great example to the rest of the world, and a distinct rebuff to the sinister forces that have so often plunged an unsuspecting nation into war for their own profit. If this policy be pursued it will inevitably result in a victory that will add immensely to the moral power and prestige of this great democracy, upon which I believe the hope of mankind now chiefly depends. Already (as always happens on the appearance of a moral leader) Europe is beginning to follow the United States on this question. It would be a disaster to humanity if the United States should falter on her steady progress toward that sublime leadership of the world.—*Alfred Noyes.*

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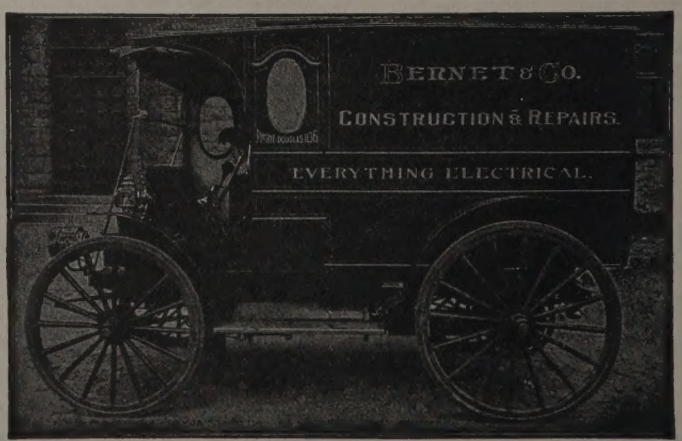

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